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INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

It is with great pleasure we this day commence a narrative, than which we could procure nothing more interesting to present to our friends and the public, and which we anticipate will form a distinguishing feature in many succeeding Numbers of the Literary Gazette. Never did scientific expedition attract more undivided regard, both of learned and unlearned, than that which sailed last year to explore the Congo and Zayr River, and penetrate into the heart of Southern Africa. Of this undertaking we have had the good fortune to obtain an original Journal, which a literary gentleman is engaged to put into the narrative form adopted in the papers of which the first follows this notice. Anxious to evince how sensible we are of that liberal encouragement which is raising our circulation, both at home and abroad, in a manner unprecedented in the annals of the periodical press, it is our intention, if possible, to have plates of the most remarkable and some hitherto undescribed subjects in natural history, executed in a superior style; and given with two or more of our ensuing Numbers. Our greatest difficulty in this design is to contrive the transmission of these plates without injury or expense, to our distant subscribers: but whatever arrangement we may adopt, timely notice of it shall be inserted.

No preface from our pen seems necessary, except perhaps a few lines to recall to the memory of readers, that the Congo was a schooner-rigged vessel, of about ninety tons, and drawing five feet of water. That she was commanded by Captain Tuckey, who was at the head of the expedition; and that the other officers were, Lieut. Hawkey; Mr. Fitzmaurice, master and surveyor; and Mr. Mackerrow, assistant surgeon; besides two master's mates, and Mr. Eyre, the purser. The scientific department consisted of Professor Smith of Christiana, botanist and geologist; Mr. Tudor, comparative anatomist; Mr. Cranch, for natural history; Mr. Galway, a volunteer; and a gardener to collect seeds and plants for Kew Garden. Of these gentlemen there are few left to tell the story of their exertions and sufferings. Capt. Tuckey, Lieut. Hawkey, Smith, Tudor, Cranch, Galway, Eyre, are all dead. Fitzmaurice and Mackerrow only are alive, and wait-

ing on the coast for further instructions. Whether they continue the pursuit or not, or whether the Admiralty may or may not think proper to fit out another expedition, the ensuing narrative cannot fail to be perused with the deepest interest; and in that persuasion we now submit it to the public.

VOYAGE TO THE CONGO.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Object of the Expedition.—Preparations for the prosecution of it.—Sailing of the Congo and Dorothy.—They are repeatedly forced to return to port by contrary winds.—Difference between the two Vessels when at Sea.—They make the Island of Madeira.—Remarks made during the Passage.—The Crews exercised with Small Arms.—Effects of the hot Climate on the Congo.—The Expedition arrives at Porto Praya.

An expedition to Africa having been determined upon, for the purpose of exploring the course of the Congo, with a view to ascertain its alledged communication with the Niger, a vessel was constructed for this express purpose; which received the name of the river to which she was destined to proceed. In the first instance, it was intended the Congo should be worked by steam; but it was found, upon trial, that the engine caused the vessel to draw so much water, that it would be impossible successfully to prosecute the voyage, if this plan were not abandoned. The steam apparatus was in consequence taken out; and thus lightened, the Congo proceeded to sea, accompanied by the Dorothy transport. The expedition was commanded by Captain Tuckey.

The sailing of the vessels was for about ten days retarded by the ice which blocked up the river; but at length, on the 16th of February, 1816, they left Deptford, and dropped down to the Nore. Here the crew received six months pay in advance; and two sailors and two marines deserted the same evening. On the 25th, the expedition reached the Downs; and on the 28th, having been till then detained by contrary winds, put to sea with the wind N.N.W.; but a gale springing up from the S.W., it was found necessary to put into Plymouth Sound; where two seamen and two marines were received on board, to supply the place of those who had deserted. It was not till the 5th March, that the vessels

were again able to get under weigh. Finding it impossible to beat down Channel, from the wind having changed, they were compelled to put into Falmouth on the following day; whence they sailed on the 9th, with a fine breeze at N.N.E. A heavy gale from the South West forced them once more to return to port. The weather was exceedingly hazy and disagreeable; and unable to procure a pilot from Scilly, it was not without difficulty that they regained Falmouth. While standing in for Scilly they passed the Bishop and Clerk Rocks, at the distance of a mile, and were close upon the Wolf Rock, over which the sea broke with great force and violence, but without making that noise which originated its name, and formerly advertised the mariner of his peril. This is to be ascribed to the efforts made by the fishermen of Cornwall, to fill up those chasms which caused the roaring just adverted to. To this labour they devoted a whole summer, from an apprehension that the fish were only to be found at an inconvenient distance, in consequence of their being frightened by it. The expedition was detained eight days at Falmouth by adverse winds, accompanied by much snow, hail and rain.

On the 19th, they weighed with the wind N., and at length succeeded in clearing the Channel, passing Scilly at the distance of 15 leagues. They had to encounter a heavy swell from the N.W. with a cross sea, occasioned by the meeting of the waters of the two channels at the Land's-end. The sea became more smooth as they receded from the shore. On the 20th, abreast of Scilly, the transport was found to roll so heavily before the wind, that all hands were exceedingly incommoded by it, and the scientific gentlemen who were on board, and who were little inured to the sea, became severely indisposed. An effort was made to relieve the vessel by clearing away the lumber stowed in the boats on deck, but without success; the defect being in the ship herself, or in the stowage in her hold. Patience was the only remedy; and all were obliged to submit to the hardship of being unable to eat, sleep, walk the deck, or write with any tolerable degree of comfort.

But though those on board of the transport were thus seriously annoyed, they were consoled for all the inconven-

niences which regarded themselves personally, by observing the superior manner in which the *Congo* passed through the water; which agreeably disappointed all the expectations that had previously been formed. The heavy rolling sea with which she had then to contend, was to her perfectly harmless: it struck her, but without doing her any injury—without even wetting her deck, as her lightness was such that she rose above it.—Her sailing was somewhat retarded by the lee boards, with which she had been supplied in the river, and which were now found wholly useless; and, indeed, worse than useless, as by confining between them and the vessel's side, a considerable body of what is technically termed "dead water," they rendered her progress less rapid than it would otherwise have been; and caused a sort of roaring noise, which had the deafening effect of a water-mill. They were repeatedly tried in the course of the voyage, and the result of the experiment was always the same. Captain Tuckey was perfectly satisfied of their utility; and being convinced, that instead of helping the ship on a wind, they constituted an impediment, he ordered them to be cut adrift soon after his arrival on the coast of Africa.

On leaving the channel it was remarked, the only bird that followed the ships was the common gull, which did not leave them till the 23d, when Cape Finisterre, the nearest land, was computed to be distant about two hundred miles; and at this distance they passed the parallel of that Cape two days afterwards, and proceeded, favoured with a pleasant breeze from the N.E., at the rate of 50 or 60 leagues daily, to the island of Madeira, which they saw at day-break on the morning of the 31st March. Their approach to it had been indicated on the preceding day, by the wind getting round to the West, and frequent squalls, with rain; and by the numerous loggerhead turtles (*Testudo Caritta*), seen sleeping on the surface of the water. One of these was taken up by the *Congo*. Many clusters of *Barnacles* were found on the shell, which proved to be the *Lipos Analifera* and *Lipos Membranacia*. The floating *Molusca* were also seen, as the voyagers approached Madeira. The gentlemen on board, who had joined the expedition for purposes of science, were by this time pretty well recovered from their sea-sickness, and impatient to commence their interesting labours; but as yet their studies were confined to the examination of animals taken in the tow-net, which were all of a species too well known (chiefly the genus *Bellela*), to call

for any particular description in this place. Thermometer at noon 63°.

Passing Madeira, Capt. Tuckey shaped his course to Palma, which, on the morning of April 2d, appeared in sight, being six leagues distant. The summit of the Caldera Mountain, crowned with snow, was then visible. Towards the close of the same day, they passed the west side of *Fero*. In their passage they had spoken no vessel, but had seen several. With the exception of the gulls, which followed them from the Channel, they had seen no birds since they left England, but two which came in sight the day before they made Madeira. Of these, one was a land bird, in size and colour not unlike a raven; the other was an ash-coloured gull. The absence of birds in the vicinity of Madeira, was considered somewhat remarkable, as the Deserters, the Salvages, and other rocks, seem to afford them the most undisturbed breeding places. It was also remarked with surprise, that none of the *Albicore* and the *Boneto* were met with, though these are commonly the companions of ships in this latitude. These creatures are known to follow the sun in his course from one tropic to the other, and keeping some degrees in his rear, as if to avoid the squalls and heavy rains always experienced immediately under it, it may be supposed as the sun had but just crossed the equator, they had not yet ventured to quit the Southern hemisphere. The winds, from the time they left Madeira, were from N. N. E. to N. E., blowing moderately, with fair weather; the days frequently cloudy, but the nights so bright, that not a star was hid in the firmament.

As it was impossible to ascertain what reception might be given to those who composed the expedition, by the natives of the almost unknown regions they were about to visit, it was thought prudent to exercise the crew daily in the use of arms. In the morning the men were exercised with carbines, occasionally firing with ball cartridge at a mark. They were familiarised with the use of the cutlass, the pike, and the pistol, in the evening. Lieutenant Hawkey superintended the progress of the crew of the *Congo*, and was delighted to observe the rapid improvement which was soon conspicuous. He frequently boasted that he could produce as effective a body of "small-arms men" as were to be found in the service.

The expedition steering to the East from Cape Verd, it was observed that the trade wind veered from N. N. E. to N. W., as they drew near the coast of Africa. The adventurers found them-

selves on the 5th in latitude 23°. 00'. N. longitude 19°. 09' W.; the sea discoloured, and no bottom to be found with a 120 fathom line. The vicinity of soundings was however indicated by the extreme haziness of the weather, and the immense number of fishing birds, that now came in sight. It occurred to Captain Tuckey, that should the discoloration of the sea, here noticed, be of constant occurrence, it might be the means of enabling ships to correct their reckoning, and prevent the shipwrecks which too frequently occur on the coast of Zahra.

The vessels were now within 32 leagues of Cape Corvoeria, the nearest point of Africa. As yet they were unable to get soundings. The towing-net was used with considerable success, and a variety of the *Molusca* species were at different times taken up. Among these were many of the creatures called by seamen, *Portuguese men of war*, which were carefully examined and preserved by Mr. Cranch, the naturalist.

The heat of the weather now became great, and the planks in the sides and decks of the *Congo* shrunk very much; owing not merely to the climate, but to their having been imperfectly caulked in the winter when she was building; and in consequence the vessel was found in a very leaky state. This circumstance determined the Captain to put into Porto Praya to caulk her sides, which could not be done at sea. In consequence of this resolution, the vessels steered for Bonavista, the most eastward of the Cape Verd Islands, with the usual trade wind at North East. They made the island on the 8th, as on the following morning they did that of Mayo; when the course was altered, in order to reach the anchorage of Porto Praya. About noon the *Congo* and *Dorothy* brought up in the bay. Porto Praya is frequently visited by ships passing to the southward, and has been so minutely described that little remains to be said on this subject. The island offers no other secure anchorage. The land about the bay lies high, and presents an aspect of the most forbidding sterility. A few paltry batteries, presenting about 40 pieces of cannon of every calibre, wretchedly mounted, some being pointed at the heavens above, and some at the waters under the earth, seem intended to intimidate rather than to harm those who may approach as enemies, but are utterly useless for resistance, and present, with the negro family stationed at each battery, but an outrageous burlesque on military vigilance. During this course one flying-fish only was seen. It was found dead on the

deck in the morning of making Bonavista. Neither Boneto, Dolphin, Albicore, or Tropic bird had yet been seen.

(To be continued regularly.)

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

OUTLINE OF THE REVOLUTION IN SPANISH AMERICA; or an Account of the Origin, Progress, and Actual State of the War carried on between Spain and Spanish America, &c. By a SOUTH AMERICAN. Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown. 8vo. pp. 362. price 9s.

Among the Literary Intelligence in our 28th No. we mentioned the above work as being in the press, whence it has since issued, and from its title ventured to prognosticate that it would be found ranged on the side of the revolted colonies. The writer is certainly in favour of the independence of Spanish America; but a more fair and impartial annalist, not disguising the bias of his hopes, we have seldom had the good luck to encounter. It is evident how ardently he wishes success to the cause of the revolution; but we do not perceive that he has in any instance supported his argument by the perversion of facts, or even by that extent of misrepresentation which, naturally and without meaning to deceive, almost invariably belongs to the pen of a partizan. In common justice we are now prone to acknowledge that this work is as distinguished by its moderation, as it is eminently entitled to attention from the mass of information it contains on a subject whereon more general ignorance prevails, not only in Great Britain but all over Europe, than on any other of a hundredth part of the importance.

It is not to be denied, that from the paramount claims of European politics, the existence of places and persons of synonymous names in distant provinces of Spanish America, the obscurity of the revolutionary leaders, the uncertainty and infrequency of the intelligence, and many other causes, a degree of confusion has been engendered respecting the South American contest; not merely confined to the multitude, but shared even by those whose daily or weekly task it is to enlighten them through the medium of periodical illumination. We could quote very gross examples of this fact; but as a careful perusal of the present volume will prevent their recurrence, we abstain from ripping up old grievances.

In bringing this "Outline" before the public, we are convinced that we cannot render ourselves more useful than by producing as full an epitome as our limits permit of its valuable contents. We fear, however, that the several long and, we trust, interesting articles to which we have already allotted the pages of this week's Gazette, may prevent us from extracting so largely as we could desire. Where, therefore, our information is meagre, the book must supply what is wanting; and we may expect that the reference cannot be far to seek, since a publication so much a desideratum with readers of all classes will speedily find its way to every corner of the literary and political world.

The author sets out with a general view of the territorial divisions of Spanish America, viz. the four vice-royalties of New Spain or Mexico, Santa Fe de Bogota or New Granada, Peru, Buenos Ayres or the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata; and the captain-generalships of Guatemala, Venezuela, and Chili; governed, previous to 1810, by chiefs appointed by the King of Spain, and independent of each other. The population on the continent is estimated at thirteen millions of Indians, Spaniards, Negroes, and their mixed descendants; without including the still free nations or tribes on the banks of the Meta, the Costa of the Guagiros, the banks of the Oronoco, Rio Negro, Pampas de Buenos Ayres, &c. They are employed in agriculture, pasturage, and the mines; the Indians and Negroes in a great measure retaining their primitive customs, and the Creoles following those of the Spaniards.

Alleging certain grievances, there were several slight attempts at insurrection during the last century, but they were soon subdued; and it was not till the year 1810, when the Government of Old Spain was so completely dislocated, that its Colonial frame fell to pieces, and the struggle of revolution became general throughout the Spanish dominions. When the Royal Family were seized at Bayonne, and Joseph Buonaparte had the crown placed on his head, Spanish America experienced a strong convulsion: the spider's web was more agitated at its extremities than even at its centre. Various hostile juntas, and clashing congresses, and rival chiefs, started up in every province. Scarcely a form of government was omitted in the system; some were for independence, some (the majority) acknowledged Ferdinand (really or nominally), some were Republican, some were Royalist, some (very few) were inclined to France, some were for Cortes, some for Regency, some were for confederation and union, some for separation and distinct dominion. Even within each of the provinces there was discord and division;—they neither agreed in themselves nor with each other. There was no particular, far less any general plan. The country presented an universal and regular anarchy. This state of things continued till the restoration of Ferdinand the Seventh, when the author thinks it might have been terminated by prudent and conciliatory measures, and all united to the mother country; but these were not adopted, and the disorganization still exists.

Upon the latter proposition we cannot take upon ourselves to decide; but we think the author has himself shown, in many places, that it was out of the King's power, by any concessions, to recover his sovereignty in at least several departments. Equally are we satisfied that much ought to have been granted to the natives. They labour under manifold restrictions and oppressions, and are almost excluded from even local authority. Except in Peru and Chili, they cannot extract oils, or make wines, or plant vines or almond trees, because it might hurt the trade from Spain. In other provinces, the monopoly of tobacco is farmed by the Viceroy, and only a limited number of plants

allowed to be cultivated by the population. Elsewhere they must not grow the sugarcane. Obstacles are raised to marriages and the increase of population; commerce is restricted; education discouraged; and civilization repressed. In short, every where man appears to be employed in counteracting nature; and the narrowest maxims of human policy are formed into a prohibitory code to blight the bounties of heaven.

It is not necessary to accompany the author through the particulars of this statement, nor into his view of the constitution of the country. Our business is more immediately with the revolution and its consequences. The Spanish Regency, in August, 1810, declared war against the Caracas, and shortly after extended its decrees against other provinces. This led directly to a contest between the old and new world. Joseph Buonaparte dispatched emissaries to fan the flame in the colonies;—England offered to mediate;—the bad prospering and the good failing,—sixteen hundred leagues of territory became the scene of rapine, and desolation, and butchery. Such is the short Outline of the general state of affairs. It is curious to observe, that among the articles of redress insisted upon by the Insurgents, is the re-establishment of the Order of the Jesuits; and that the English mediation was rejected by the Cortes (these professors of modern liberality) because it had not been asked, and must proceed from interested motives!

From this part of the work we shall copy into our next No., as it would extend the present article to too great a length, the instructions given to the chief agent of Joseph Buonaparte, which throw considerable light on the situation of America, and exhibit the atrocious character of the usurper's councils.

Leaving this atrocious document for the present, we proceed to condense into one point of view the history of the struggle in the various provinces from the year 1810 to the present period; and in order to accomplish this more clearly, we shall subdivide it into distinct heads.

Summary of the Revolution in Venezuela.

Venezuela, of which the city of Caracas is the capital, consists of the provinces of Margarita, Barinas, Guayana, Maracaybo, Cumana, and Caracas;—the four latter situated between the river Oronoco and Cape Vela;—Margarita is an important island, and Barinas an interior district bordering on New Granada. The population of Venezuela was in 1811 estimated at above 800,000; the city of Caracas containing 45,000 inhabitants. Caracas was the first to declare itself independent, (19th April, 1810), and all the Venezuelan provinces, except Maracaybo, followed its example, and adhered to its government as a supreme junta. In a few days, however, Guayana renounced its allegiance and recognized the Regency of Cadiz.

An intestine war ensued. Maracaybo was attacked by the force of the united provinces under the Marquis del Toro, who was obliged to retreat. General Miranda next appeared upon this theatre, whose arrival

excited great jealousies. After much intriguing he superseded the Marquis del Toro, and Venezuela organized a new federal constitution on the model of the United States of America. On the 26th of March, 1812, the brief prosperity of these provinces was ended by a dreadful visitation. A tremendous earthquake happened on Holy Thursday; the crowded churches and barracks were thrown down, and multitudes of citizens and soldiers perished. The Priests preached that this convulsion on such a day was a sign of Heaven's vengeance, and public opinion turned, as if by a miracle, in favour of the old government. The Royalists took advantage of the panic, and under General Monteverde soon reconquered all the revolted districts. Miranda and his army capitulated. The leaders were, in gross contempt of the capitulation, thrown into various prisons, where Miranda died; and of the other Chiefs of this period, the only two of whom we have afterwards any marked intelligence, are Simon Bolivar, who made his escape, and is the present commander of the Venezuelan forces, and Don J. Cortes Madariaga, who, released from Ceuta, through the interposition of England, has only within these few weeks re-appeared on the scene as commander in the Island of Margarita.

The Revolutionists did not long submit to Monteverde. A new insurrection, headed by Marino, broke out in Cumana in April, 1813, and was favoured by a powerful diversion from the side of Carthagea and New Granada, under Bolivar. New Granada was at this time governed by an independent Congress. The contest now assumed a more horrible aspect. *La guerra à muerte* was the cry on both sides, and thousands were murdered in cold blood by the ruthless monsters, as they were in turns victors or vanquished.

Bolivar was every where successful; entered Caracas on the 4th August, 1813, and the Republic of Venezuela acknowledging him Dictator, was once more under the Patriots. Monteverde, however, with true Spanish spirit, refused, even in his extremity, to treat with rebels, and defended Puerto Cabello with the utmost vigour. He sent emissaries of the names of Boves, Yanez, Rosette, Puy, and Palomo, (the last a Negro robber,) into the interior to give freedom to and raise the slaves, amounting to 70,000; and from this dreadful impulse the war again took a new turn. Here we may give an example of the monstrous inhumanity which characterised this bloody struggle, where, prisoners butchered in the front of battle, unnumbered executions, and murders, were the occurrences of every hour.

"After the battle of Araure, (page 149,) in which Cevallos was beaten, a division of Bolivar's army marched to Barinas, where Puy had retired, trembling for his own life, and having ordered five hundred and seventy-four persons to be arrested, whom he considered as disaffected. Five hundred of them were shot without any form of trial, when one of Puy's Aides-du-Camp gave the alarm, asserting that the Republicans were approaching the town. Puy asked anxiously

'Have we not time to execute the seventy-four remaining prisoners?' The Aide-du-Camp answered No; and they were thus saved. Some time after the Republicans evacuated Barinas; and Puy entered, spreading desolation around him, and making a general massacre of its inhabitants."

The writer tries to palliate similar atrocities on the other side; but our blood runs cold when we read, (page 152,) that—

"Bolivar, who thirsting with revenge, though overpowered with cares, did not know on what side to turn his attention. In one of these agonizing moments, in which his soul was first swayed by fear, then worked up to anger, he gave orders for the execution of the prisoners, and, shocking to relate, eight hundred men were killed on this occasion. When the Commandant at Puerto Cabello was told of these executions, all the South-American prisoners at that place, amounting to some hundreds, were put to death."

Thus did these damned wholesale assassins retaliate on each other by the sacrifice of their wretched victims!

In the year 1814, victory returned to the Royalists. Boves defeated Bolivar at La Puerta and at Araguaita, and forced him to abandon Venezuela. He fled and embarked for Carthagea. Two of his followers, named Rivas and Bermudes held out to the end of the year, when they were finally overwhelmed at Maturin, Rivas being taken, shot, and his head exhibited at Caracas; and Bermudes escaping to Margarita. Boves was however killed. General Morillo's expedition from Cadiz now arrived, in time to meet a new revolt under Arismendi; Bolivar also tried another diversion with 3000 men from Carthagea; Brion, a native of Curaçoa joined with a naval force, and Sir Gregor Mac Gregor, a Scotchman, with another division; and these Chiefs have carried on the contest against Morillo and Morales, with various fortune, to the present date.

We have thus detailed the Venezuelan contest, because it is the most important in a political and geographical point of view, and has been most chequered with various events.—Connected with it is the

Summary of the Revolution in New Granada.

New Granada comprehends the Provinces situated between Guatemala, Venezuela, and Peru,—22 in number, viz. Pamplona, Cassanare, Tunja, Socorro, Mariquita, Cundinamarca, Antioquia, Popayan, Neyva, Choco, Carthagea, Rio-hacha, Santa Marta, Panama, Veraguas, Quito, Quixos, Maynas, Guayaquil, Cuenca, Loxa, and Jaen. As the coast of Venezuela presents itself on the east, that of Granada fills up the outline to the west of the Caribbean sea, and across the Isthmus of Darien almost to the equator in the Pacific Ocean. Its population is stated at 2½ millions, of whom about 35,000 inhabit the capital, Santa Fe de Bogota. Here the revolution was contemporary, and intimately combined with that of Venezuela. We have seen that the independent Chiefs, when defeated in the latter, recruited their ranks for other operations in the former. As in Venezuela, too, several of the pro-

vinces differed from the central junta of Santa Fe. Santa Marta continued royalist; Carthagea and others declared for separate independence. A General Narino figures as the principal leader in this quarter. He is now a prisoner in Cadiz. The independent troops fought as much among themselves as against the Royalists; and the general result appears to be, that, torn and distracted by internal divisions, they have been almost entirely subdued. Morillo entered Santa Fe de Bogota in June 1816, and Carthagea has also been compelled to submit. But still the difficulty of restoring order to these provinces seems even from Morillo's dispatches, to be almost insurmountable. He says every province wants a different mode of government; that the *Guerra a Muerte*, and the animosities excited by it, are scarcely to be reconciled but by the extirpation of one side of the combatants.

Summary of the Revolution in Buenos Ayres and Chili.

Our author now carries us from the north to the southern extremity of the vast South American Continent. The Rio de la Plata, bounded by the Brazils, Peru, Chili, and Patagonia, contains 20 provinces, divided into high and low, as they embrace or recede from the Andes. The high provinces are Moxos and Chiquitos, Apolobamba, Santa Cruz de la Sierra, La Paz, Cochabamba, Corangas, Misque, Paria, Charcas, Potosi, and Atacama; the low, are Tarija, Salta, Paraguay, Tucuman, Cordova, Cuyo, Entrerios, Montevideo or Banda Oriental, and Buenos Ayres. The population amounts to 1,300,000; Buenos Ayres the capital containing 60,000. Buenos Ayres was the center of the revolution in this region, and, as in every other, there were endless divisions and quarrels. Within itself were several factions, and it had the battle to sustain right and left; towards Upper Peru and Paraguay against the royalist General Goyeneche, and afterwards Pezuela, and towards Montevideo against Elio. Their field stretched quite across the Peninsula, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. General Artigas deserted from the Royal cause, and joined the Buenos Ayres patriots. The contest was universal and obstinate; and though Montevideo was taken, yet anarchy ensued from the struggle for the supreme authority among the leaders, Artigas, Alvear, Rondeau, Posadas, and Jonte. A war of partizans was bitterly waged, till at length a new Congress was formed under a person of the name of Puyreddon, and the Independence of the provinces of the Rio de la Plata was formally declared 9th July, 1816. The revolutionists were victorious on the side of Peru, whence crossing the Andes they carried successful invasion into the very heart of Chili. Artigas in the mean time had seized Montevideo for himself, but it was taken by the Portuguese in January, 1817.

Summary of the Revolution in Chili.

In this province, which lies between the ridge of the Andes and the Pacific, and contains a population of 800,000, the revolt also commenced in 1810. It was chiefly conducted by three brothers of the name of Carrera, and other leaders, called O. Higgins

and Mc Kenna. These soon differed and fought, while the royal army invaded them from Lima and overran the country. The passage of the Andes by the Peruvians, under San Martin, and a victory obtained by him at Chacabuco, in January last, again expelled the royalists.

Summary of the Revolution in Mexico.

The last province we have to notice is Mexico or New Spain, separated from all the others, and as it were upon another Continent. This extensive country consists of two Captain-generalships, Mexico and Yucatan, and two Commandancias Generales, the Provincias Internas Orientales and the Provincias Internas Occidentales. The population is six millions, and the capital alone contains 140,000. The conspiracy here was formed principally by the priests, and its leader was Hidalgo, a curate of Dolores. One of his colleagues, Iturriga, canon of Valladolid, betrayed the secret on his death-bed, and precipitated the revolution before it was quite ripe. Hidalgo however inflamed the Indians, who flew to arms, and he soon found himself at the head of 100,000 men. Venegas, the new Viceroy appointed by the Regency at Cadiz, opposed the rebels under their clerical Generalissimo, who appeared in a gorgeous uniform of blue with red facings, embroidered with gold and silver, and a black sash likewise richly embroidered. He wore on his breast a medal, on which was the Virgin de Guadalupe, an object of great veneration in Mexico. His colours were white and blue, like the banners of the ancient Emperors of Anahuac. Venegas called in the aid of the church against this appalling display. He procured Hidalgo and his abettors to be excommunicated by the Archbishop of Mexico. At first however success attended the denounced heretic, who beat a corps of the royalists under Truxillo, at Monte de las Cruces, and approached to the capital itself, which from some unexplained cause he did not attack. He withdrew in confusion, followed by Calleja, who with 6000 men only overthrew the Indians and slew 10,000 of them. Two hundred Spanish prisoners were butchered in revenge. The war continued till March, 1811, when Hidalgo and his staff were captured; 52 executed on the field of battle; and the leader and ten others carried to Chiguaga, where they suffered death, Hidalgo being previously deprived of his priest's orders. Other chiefs, including Morelos, and Rayon, a lawyer, maintained the contest. Morelos long held the southern coast, but was taken and shot in the back about a year and a half ago. Little is known of Rayon since 1812, when he had taken up positions in a difficult and mountainous territory, and held the royalists at bay. Calleja suspects the faith of the Washington Government, and the landing of young Mina, in May, 1816, to endeavour to blow up the flame of civil war once more in Mexico, seems to justify his suspicions. Of Mina's operations no accounts have been received,

Within these few days intelligence from New Orleans, states that he was with 1500 men at Sota la Marina on the 26th May, and was to march forward against the royalists on the 20th.

and the latest intelligence from the Royalist commander says, "Unless the frontiers or the coast be attacked, or the North Americans openly declare for the Insurgents, or Joseph Buonaparte and his partizans succeed in obtaining money to realize their plans, I see no immediate prospect of the King's authority being overthrown." Indeed, except at Puebla, where the wreck of the insurgents are, the whole country was tranquil, under Apodaca, a mild and conciliating Viceroy, the successor of Calleja.

General Summary.

Three hundred thousand lives have been sacrificed in this struggle, which for inhumanity and horror will be an everlasting stain on mankind. Spanish America may be considered as divided into three great and independent parts, 1st, Mexico; 2d, Venezuela and New Granada; and 3d, Buenos Ayres and Chili. In Mexico the revolution appears to be nearly extinguished: in the 2d mentioned, the island of Margarita and the provinces of Maracaybo, Cumana, Barinas, and Caracas, are in the power of the Independents under Bolivar, but New Grenada has been subdued by the Royalists: in the 3d division, the Congress of Rio de la Plata rules the whole country, except La Banda Oriental, where the schismatics under Artigas are at war with the Portuguese. The Royalists from Lima have retired to Potosi, and Chili has been conquered by the bold expedition of San Martin. The American seas are swarming with privateers and pirates of every flag. The principal naval commanders of the Independents are Brion from Venezuela, Taylor from Buenos Ayres, and Aury from Mexico. The result, says our author, it would be hazardous to prognosticate; but he supposes that the spirit of revolt is too general, and the mother country too weak to subdue it over 9000 leagues of territory.

We shall add no conjecture, but take leave of this very useful and instructive volume, by recommending a slight map to accompany its future editions. No apology is necessary for the length of this Review, as our object was to condense a very interesting subject into the space of one publication.

THE WANDERER IN CEYLON, a Poem in Three Cantos; by CAPTAIN T. A. ANDERSON, H. M. 19th Regiment of Foot. Published by Egerton. 12mo. pp. 203.

This unassuming publication does much honour both to the heart and head of its author. Where we discover feeling and taste, we are not solicitous to pry into defects; but when to these good qualities are added curious information respecting a country and people little known, and an easy agreeable style of versification, we should be very Aristarchuses, (and deserve the fate of that

The more recent Spanish accounts controvert this statement, and assert that San Martin lost 1000 men in the battle of Chacabuco, and that La Concepcion, a moiety of the province, is still in possession of the Royalists.

carper,) were we to look beyond the vista of pleasure. The quotation from Harold the Dauntless, however, in our author's preface—

"These rhymes survive, and let me proudly say,
"Court not the Critic's smile, nor dread his frown;"

&c. is not the sop to lull the Cerberus of our Critical Firm, to whom the review of these Poems was allotted; but rather the truth of the following lines:

"They well may serve to while an hour away,
"Nor does the volume ask for more renown,
"Than Ennui's yawning smile, what time she drops it down."

But we take this opportunity to warn Poets in particular against becoming so audacious as to brave the Critics in this "dauntless" fashion. Women tore Orpheus to pieces—what may not Men do? Captain Anderson to be sure is under the double protection of sword and pen; the former of which is, we imagine, no favourite instrument with our fellow labourers, though used only in Reviews; but still we would advise him not to provoke their resentment too far, for multitudes will prevail over skill and valour, and neither the flourishes of the war-weapon nor of the goose quill, could protect one man from the fury of so many.

The three Cantos of the Wanderer in Ceylon are smoothly written in the octosyllabic verse; without aiming at ornateness or the more elevated poetic character. They bring the landscapes, the particular customs, and the moral as well as physical forms of that distant region under the eye and before the mind of the reader, in a very agreeable manner; and there are some smaller pieces and notes added, which greatly increase the intelligence and interest of the chief Poem.

The first Canto paints a Morning in Ceylon, with many peculiarities belonging to the Fishermen on Lake Colombo, the Bazar and its merchandize, the Choultry, (a sort of Caravansera), the vegetable and animal world; ending with a Cingalese Tale. The second continues similar subjects, draws a character of the Kandians, and describes the unfortunate campaign of 1803. The third also embraces the natural scenery, local customs, and pictures the most interesting creatures which dwell in these majestic forests. We shall best display the author's ability to delineate them by a few extracts.

Description of the celebrated Mountain called Adam's Peak.

Let me then other prospects seek,
And pause to view that towering Peak,
That eastward rears his royal brow,
And shadows half the vale below;

One moment basking in the blaze,
His majesty of form displays,
Then with a robe of splendid clouds
His giant bulk again enshrouds.

With filial awe the Indians still
View that mysterious holy hill,
With them thrice hallow'd is the sod,
That Bhooda's sainted footsteps trod;
Their priest, their prophet, and their God!
Upon the Mountain's rocky crest
The sacred mark yet lives imprest;
Hence every rank, and sex, and age,
Perform the pious pilgrimage,
And yearly flock from far and wide
To climb the dark rock's rugged side;
Defying danger, want, and toil,
To worship on that sacred soil.

Thus I have in the prime of Spring
Beheld the wild-bees on the wing,
Along the heath in myriads pour—

Evening is contrasted with the same
consoling hour in England.

Far other structures here arise,
Far other scenes salute mine eyes—
The gaudy Peacock's grating scream,
The roaring of some rocky stream,
The moss-grown Choultry, dark and lone,
Like some grey monumental stone,
The Pelican slow-sailing by,
The scowling Chetah's plaintive cry,
The Jackall gliding through the brake,
The hissing of each speckled Snake;
And rising o'er her watery nest,
The shy Flamingo's scarlet breast,
That, like a meteor of the night,
Now meets, and now eludes the sight;
The yell of beast, and scream of bird,
Amid the pathless jungle heard;
Such are the scenes, and such the sounds,
With which this tropic isle abounds.

The picture of inanimate nature is too long for our pages, otherwise we should have selected it as a fair specimen of Captain Anderson's powers; but we are warned to bring these remarks to a conclusion. Possibly we might have wished that some of the familiar passages had been rendered more dignified, and a few of the careless rhymes more polished; but as the composition aims at simplicity rather than elevation, we have after all only exchanged admiration for an equally agreeable, though less distinguished mental enjoyment.

Of the minor poems, "The Wanderer's Return," perhaps, from the association of kindred ideas, touched a chord in our inmost heart.

For near the stile that bounds yon field,
My long-lost dwelling lies conceal'd!
Those spreading elms near which it stands,
Were planted with my father's hands,—
And now I view its roof of thatch,
The children peeping o'er the hatch,
The casement scarcely to be seen,
Half cover'd by its verdant screen.
With eager footsteps I draw near,
And all its gentle guests appear;
My pious sire, with placid look,
Is reading in the sacred book;
High beats my pulse! my bosom yearn'd,
"Father! the Wanderer return'd!"

In vain for further speech I try!
Upon my lips the murmurs die.—
What words my feelings can express,
As closely round the circle press?
And as I snatch a tear-bathed kiss,
I plainly hear their sobs of bliss.

We know not if this be the best of poetry, but it is true nature; and we could not read it without joining one tear to those of the happy family.

MEMOIRES DE TALMA, Rédigés et
Publiés par A. Mejanet.

This brief biography of 34 pages is from the pen of the gentleman whose *reclamation* of a piece (*Les Deux Anglais*) as pirated from him by a M. Merville, and recently brought out at Paris, will be found in our Dramatic department. He is, we observe, a teacher of the French language, and has published, besides, a little book of new fables in verse, addressed to his pupils, and entitled "Petit Cadeau;" and a "Satire," also in verse, "against Envy." These are productions creditable to his moral as well as literary character; and it is only because they are short, and cheap, and easily accessible, that we dismiss them without further notice.

Talma's life seems to have been written to gratify the lively curiosity which his late visit to London excited. He was born at Paris, and at nine years of age joined his father in London, by whom he was placed in a boarding-school at Vauxhall. His predilection for the stage was evinced at a very early age; and he made his first public appearance at the Hanover Square Rooms, where Gallini at that time got up a comedy, "*Le Français à Londres*," in which our young aspirant played the Marquis de Polainville; and an afterpiece, "*Le Dépit Amoureux*," in which he performed *Eraste*. He afterwards appeared in other characters, and among them Count Almaviva in the Barber of Seville.

M. Talma, notwithstanding his fondness for the drama, continued his studies as a surgeon; but having seen Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, his inclination for the stage overbore all opposition, and he sacrificed every thing for his favourite pursuit. At Paris he made his debut under the auspices of the celebrated Molé, at the School of Declamation, where he recited some verses with great effect. His next effort was at the Theatre Français, where he appeared as Seide in Mahomet, and was received in a flattering manner. From this period he went

¹ M. Merville denies the charge, and asserts, that he took the subject from *Nouveaux Contes Moraux et Philosophes*, printed before M. Mejanet's play, drawn from the same source.

through the whole range of tragic parts; and was pre-eminently successful in those altered from Shakespeare by Ducis. His contests with M. Geoffroi, a Parisian critic, and his determined enemy, are detailed in this publication; which also contains some curious particulars respecting his intimacy with Buonaparte, with whom he formed an acquaintance at the house of Josephine, when the future Emperor was only a General of Division.

Talma has done for the French, what Kemble did for the English stage: introduced propriety of costume, scenery, and conduct. He has done more;—he has almost redeemed their tragedy from its endless sing-song; but for this he has been charged with Anglo-mania, and suffered all the bitter persecution of Parisian criticism. M. Mejanet concludes with the eulogies of two celebrated female writers on his merits.

When in London, we had the pleasure of hearing him recite, in a private room, Macbeth's vision of the witches, in the French tragedy of that name, and Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," in English; and this slight display of his powers gave us even a more exalted opinion of his great talents than his best performance on the stage. He has studied his profession accurately, and possesses a terrible mastery in expressing the stronger passions.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAME DE STAEL.

(For the Literary Gazette.)

THE death of MADAME DE STAEL has left a chasm in French literature. She had great opportunities of literary distinction, and she made the largest use of all. She was the daughter of an eminent man thrown into the most eminent situations. She was educated in the midst of the most ostentatious civilization of Europe; and her matured career was run through a period the most agitating, productive of the most striking changes, and promising the most extensive results, of any æra of the world. She lived in the intellectual time of the intellectual age. She had talents for authorship, a vigorous power of general observation, and a redundancy of eloquent language. Nature seems to have altogether denied her feeling. Her sensibility was rude, unnatural, and obtrusive; her enthusiasm, the coarse work of a determination to be enthusiastic; her wit, the heavy sportiveness of an inflated pedant. Her whole life appears to have been spent in an unfeminine struggle against the delicacies of her sex, and the

proprieties of her situation. A Swiss, she was determined by the glare of Parisian life to be looked on as a Frenchwoman; and with the primitive manners of her country, she flung away its honorable principles, its modesty, its domestic affections, and its personal purity. The ambitious mingling of females in the court of LOUIS XIV. had perverted the minds of the women of France, and no female could think the sacrifice too great which placed her within the circle of court intrigue. Where women are to move the world, the world will be ill moved, but the first misfortune falls on the miserable slaves of this misguided emulation. MADAME DE STAEL became a denizen of the most immoral city of the earth, had come into it at a time when, with the whole ambition of the sex in high excitement, its objects were changed. The profligacy of the Court always measured, and in the late reign almost totally cleared away, offered no field equal to that of the profligacy of the people. The populace of Parisian authorship, needy, vain and vicious; the passions of the lower mob; the heated and malignant natures of Jacobinism and Atheism, scattered throughout Europe, were an ample prize for female ambition, and MADAME DE STAEL, by her father's rank, her own fortune, and her laborious appeals to the press, was the first and most successful among the strugglers for that desperate popularity. ROUSSEAU and VOLTAIRE, names in every one's lips, and deserving to be commemorated by the scorn and hatred of mankind, were her models in this enterprize. Her first labor was to overthrow their authority. Her next, to build upon their ruins. Without the wit of the Frenchman, or the burning energy of the Swiss, she had the keener subtlety that took the surer way to her purpose of weakening public morals. Her *Delphine*, a striking fiction, is adultery upon system. The life of the author was supposed to be the clearest exemplification of the morals of the heroine. Her *Corinne* has claims to our respect, mingled with disgust for its offences against female delicacy. It is seduction on principle. The heroine lays wait for the person and the fortune of the hero, solicits him by arts degrading to the feelings of an honourable being, and dies of their failure. This restless spirit of exciting the public eye, dangerous in her romantic intercourse with general society, became amusing when it rose to sovereigns. VOLTAIRE'S Correspondence with FREDERIC, had swelled the vanity of all the vain in France. The EMPRESS CATHERINE'S

unwise condescensions to LA HARPE had continued the inflation, and it became the fashionable test of literary eminence, to have corresponded with a crowned head. The BARONESS DE STAEL was not to abandon this fragment of fame; and as soon as France had sunk into a despotism, and jacobinism, male and female, only studied how it might prostrate itself lowest before the throne of Regicide, this ostentatious clamourer for the rights of man approached NAPOLEON with the incense of a *Memoir*. The Tyrant knew her, and she was defrauded of the reward of this servility. Courts were now become dangerous, and this indefatigable liver in the eyes of the world poured out her reveries on German Literature. The Germans ridiculed her work, and impugned it of ignorance, prejudice, and presumption. But MURAT was still upon a throne. He was a villain, covered with massacre, and more personally stained with the blood of a prince of the family to whom she owed her rank and fortune. She commenced a voluntary correspondence with this usurper; and was again mortified by contempt and detection. Her later days were given to rhapsodies against England at the Parisian dinners, and essays flung into the hopeless obscurity of the journals. The career of this woman, worthless for its wisdom, is valuable for its folly. She had talents, the power to display them, and the mighty praise plain within her reach. But there seems to be in the distribution, even of things so light as human honors, some great judicial process which forbids the profligate in views and practice to obtain permanent fame. Morals are truth. The brilliancy which develops itself in covering false principles, loses the world's admiration, after the discovery that its lustre is connected with unsoundness. There is no beauty in the phosphoric splendours that hover only above the sepulchre. Madame de Stael will have an immortality, but it will be the sad and sinister immortality that is sustained only as an example of the perversion of noble attributes. She will have the fame of the Encyclopedists, of the disturbers of the holier spirit of our nature. The men among whom she was born, and at whose feet her genius imbibed equally their contempt for virtue and their passion for renown, will be remembered as he who fired the temple of Ephesus. Their crimes and follies will build them a monument among men. It would be fortunate if this woman's ambition of literary rank could be turned into a lesson for the sex. Perhaps Europe has seen

no female more strikingly gifted with powers for general literature. But her failure in all beyond Romance is decided. Where she was to wander through the world of a heated sensibility, she wandered through a region made for her-empire. Women feel keenly, and they are made to describe touchingly their dangerous privilege. They reason weakly. Like the bird-of-paradise, their place is in the brighter climates and upper airs of the world, they live only on the wing, their beauty is closed up the moment they touch the ground. That ground is to be mastered and moved on only by a firmer order of being, and to men must be resigned all below the flight of the imagination. Where *De Stael* failed, few of her sex can hope to triumph. From the moment she dared to dream of guiding public opinion, she became ridiculous. The novelist sunk under the politician, and her whole eloquence and wit, and various knowledge condensed in this chilling atmosphere, only plunged her down with greater rapidity.

But she has left us a remembrance more painful than the failure of a preposterous ambition. Her personal morality has been more than questioned. The insolence of genius throwing off the reserves of woman's intellectual station, was followed by the apparent contempt of higher reserves. Her reputation was flung away with even a bold and ostentatious soliciting of public scorn. The habits of Continental Society are gross, and profligate women may find in them the covering for vices which in England would find no shelter. BENJAMIN DE CONSTANT, a wretched adulator, alternately of King and Usurper, was her last protector; and this female, at the age of 60, was presumed to lead a life for which there is no excuse even in the giddiness and passion of youth. Such is the career of an ill-regulated understanding, and an immoral heart. With the noblest prospects of peaceful life, of married happiness, of public honor; she led a wretched and broken life, in flight, in faction, in exile, in domestic dissension. With a powerful and brilliant intellect, polished and shaped till like the diamond it caught all the rays round it, and returned them all in more sparkling and coloured splendor, her distinction is to perish with two Romances already perishing, or still existing only to disseminate the pestilence which must make her remembered among the evils of her day of

¹ We see it stated in the French Papers, that Mad. de Stael has bequeathed the acknowledgment of a secret marriage with M. de Rœce to her family.

evil. To have redeemed this great compound of noble and hateful qualities into an ornament to society, was within the potency of but one influence. She knew nothing of Christianity. We must desire to believe that this fearful ignorance did not reach to her dying hour. She sunk under a slow and painful decay. Her pain was sent in mercy, if it awoke her to the wisdom of being reconciled to her God. E. Y.

DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir, Having observed in your interesting Paper an article relative to the Comedy of *Les Deux Anglais*, I urgently request that you will be pleased to assign a place in your next Number to the just complaint which I have to prefer against the author of that piece.

You cannot be ignorant, Sir, of the mischievous consequences of plagiarism, particularly with regard to dramatic productions, where the principal, and sometimes the sole merit depends on the subject. A single scene stolen from a work of the same class, and written in the same language, excites the indignation of the whole Republic of Letters, and overwhelms with disgrace and infamy the writer who could commit so base an action. What then can be thought of him, who has the effrontery to seize on the entire subject of a Piece! This is, nevertheless, the abominable and shameful crime, of which, in the face of the whole universe, I accuse the author of *Les Deux Anglais*. The subject of this piece is precisely that of a two-act comedy in verse, entitled, *l'Heureux Hazard, ou le Bienfait et sa Recompense*, which I wrote in London about two years ago. My intention was to have had it represented by the company of French performers at the Argyle Rooms; but before I could complete it the season was on the point of closing, (namely, in June 1815.) I was consequently obliged to renounce my design. I read the piece to several persons, who were pleased to express their approbation of it; and I was likewise imprudent enough to entrust copies of my manuscript to other individuals, several of whom have since made their debuts at the *Odeon*. I am therefore firmly persuaded that the author of *Les Deux Anglais* has either written his piece from one of these manuscripts, or from the verbal recital of some one acquainted with the story of my Comedy.

He has, however, introduced an incident in the plot, to which I wish to call the attention of your readers. The author of *Les Deux Anglais*, in adopting my subject, has endeavoured to revive, for the thousandth time, a national prejudice, which every well-disposed person would seek to repress, and of which no trace is to be found in my piece. I allude to the practice of suicide, which is exclusively attributed to the English, as if this revolting crime did not extend its ravages to every quarter of the world. For this purpose he has made

his two principal characters Englishmen, and has fixed the scene on the banks of the Thames; whilst in my piece the two principal characters are, the one a Frenchman and the other an Englishman. I have assigned to each a sufficient motive, if there can be any such, to lead a man to that fatal extremity, and the scene takes place in France. Unfortunately, my country is not exempt from these dreadful catastrophes, and my object was not to reproach either nation with the ridiculous and disgusting folly of a few individuals, who resort to the cowardly act of self-destruction.

Since the commencement of last June, my manuscript has been in the possession of M. Talma, who has kindly undertaken to lay it before the committee of the *Theatre Français*. It is therefore probable that it will be submitted to the judgment of the public, either by theatrical representation or by means of the press, and every one will be enabled to appreciate the justice of my complaint and the correctness of my statements.

In the meanwhile, Sir, I trust you will be kind enough to insert this letter in your *Gazette*, which, from its title of *Literary*, seems more competent than any other to expose the *Literary Larceny* of which I complain.

I have the honor to remain, Sir,
Your very humble and obedient Servant,
MEJANEL.

Author of the *Petit Cadeau à la Jeunesse*,
the *Memoirs of Talma*, &c. &c., and
Professor of the French Language,
63, High-Street, Bloomsbury.

August 5, 1817.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

We are indebted for the annexed Verses to the kindness of Mr. Crabbe, who has at our earnest request not only allowed us this gratification, but promised to communicate, at future periods, any of the shorter productions of his powerful pen, which may suit our miscellany. While we acknowledge this mark of one excellent Poet's approval of our publication, it gives us pleasure to add, both for our own sakes and our readers', that we are assured of similar treasures from the portfolios of several of the most distinguished Bards of the Age.

VERSES.

BY THE REV. G. CRABBE;

Written on the Night of the 15th of April, 1788, immediately before the perusal of a Letter then received.

Through many a year the Merchant views
With steady eye his distant gains;
Right on, his object he pursues,
And what he seeks in Time obtains.
So he some distant prospect sees
Who gazes on a Patron's smile,
And if he finds it hard to please,
That pleasant view his cares beguile.

Not such my fate—what years disclose
And piece-meal on such minds bestow;
The lively joys, the grievous woes!
Shall this tremendous instant show;
Concentered hopes and fears I feel,
As on the verge of fate I stand;
In sight of fortune's rapid wheel,
And with the ticket in my hand.

No intermediate good can rise,
And feeble compensation make;
'Tis one dread blank or one rich prize,
And life's grand hope is now at stake;
Where all is lost or all is won,
That can distress, that can delight—
Oh! how will rise To-morrow's Sun
On him who draws his Fate To-night?—

INFANCY AND MATURE AGE.

AN APOLOGUE.

[Men are but Children of a larger Growth.]

1.
'Twas eight o'clock, and near the fire
My ruddy little boy was seated,
And with the titles of a sire
My ears expected to be greeted—
But vain the thought!—by sleep oppress'd,
No father there the child descried;
His head reclin'd upon his breast,
Or nodding roll'd from side to side.

2.
"Let this young rogue be sent to bed!"—
More I had not had time to say,
When the poor urchin rais'd his head
To beg that he might longer stay.
Refused; towards rest his steps he bent
With tearful eye, and aching heart;
But claim'd his playthings ere he went,
And took up stairs his horse and cart.

3.
For new delay, though oft denied,
He pleaded;—wildly crav'd the boon;—
'Tho' past his usual hour, he cried
At being sent away so soon.
If stern to him, his grief I shar'd;
(Unmov'd who hears his offspring weep?)
Of soothing him I half despair'd;
When all his cares were lost in sleep.

4.
"Alas! poor infant!" I exclaim'd,
"Thy father blushes now to scan,
In all which he so lately blam'd,
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret, the anguish brief,
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed,
Pourttrays of man the idle grief,
When doom'd to slumber with the dead."

5.
And more I thought—when up the stairs
With "longing ling'ring looks" he crept,
To mark of man, the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept.
Thus mortals on life's later stage,
When nature claims their forfeit breath,
Still grasp at wealth, in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death.

6.
'Tis morn! and see my smiling boy
Awakes to hail returning light;
To fearless laughter! boundless joy!
Forgot the tears of yesternight!
Thus shall not man forget his woe?
Survive of age, and death the gloom?
Smile at the cares he knew below?
And renovated burst the tomb?

7.
O, my Creator! when thy will
Shall stretch this frame on earth's cold bed,
Let that blest hope sustain me still,
'Till thought, sense, mem'ry—all are fled.
And grateful for what Thou may'st give,
No tear shall dim my fading eye,
That 'twon thy pleasure I should live—
That 'tis thy mandate bids me die.

T. G.

THE FINE ARTS.

SECOND LETTER OF AN ARTIST.

Thoughts on cultivating a Taste for the Arts, and the practice of Design.

Having, through the medium of your Publication, had occasion to remark on the proposed establishment of Free Drawing Schools, and endeavoured to point out the inconveniences which might result to individuals engaging in the profession, from a mistaken notion of public encouragement, or their own partial predilection; we shall (with your permission) go on occasionally to observe on such matters as may seem to be connected with Art and Artists, as they fall under our limited view, "with this special observance," that we give them with the utmost deference to those who may have had better means of information.

That the Arts have excited some public interest, with a sprinkling of general knowledge of them, cannot be denied — and that it is also the wish of many to see that knowledge more widely diffused. To this effect we subjoin an extract from the address of Mr. Aikin to the Society of Arts; wherein he expresses a wish to see the Art of Design "separated from the class of accomplishments, from the gauds and toys of a vain world, and brought like writing into the common and familiar use of ordinary life."

With the limitation and cautions already thrown out, it would indeed be desirable to see the establishment of a national taste; with that measure of discernment so essential to the real benefit and encouragement of talent. And we are not without hope that the time is not far distant, when an impulse may be given, and a feeling excited, by which more consideration may be given, both to works of Art and to its professors.

It is with the public as with individuals, a bias is given from surrounding circumstances—the treasures of Art brought into the country, and the free access to them, may be highly instrumental to this disposition.

It is this consideration and respect for works of Art, which distinguishes the French nation, and has greatly tended to give them that degree of credit which belongs to a people of cultivated taste. With them a statue or monument is a sacred deposit, and a safeguard is thrown round them by national pride; every man thinks himself included in the honor which the possession of them reflects, and they are never defaced by the mischievous or the ignorant. It is not so with us; the safeguard thrown round our statues and monuments must be iron, and often to the exclusion of many beauties in the performance: even those who have no intention of injuring them, cannot persuade themselves of their excellence, unless they feel their worth; and it was with no small pain we witnessed the handling of Mr. Chantrey's exquisite monument. At the same time we are not surprised at the impulse. It was an unconscious tribute of feeling (bar punning) to the rare form and texture produced in the

marble—the touch must be satisfied as well as the sight. But to proceed with our subject.

The first step we should imagine towards placing the Arts upon a permanent and respectable footing, is, to understand them. And for this purpose they may become a part of education, but not in the ordinary way of copying a print or a drawing; much less by making them a mechanical operation, like that of penmanship: could a sky like Claude's, or the combination of colours like those of Titian, be produced by any mechanical process, they would be of little value. As it is, so much of technical skill has been introduced, that ingenious men, rather than men of genius, occupy the profession.

Fortunately, the truly valuable part of Painting is out of the reach of any mechanical process. Its intellectual qualities are as much a part of the understanding as memory and judgment; and a Poem might as soon be made by a methodical arrangement of tropes and figures, as a Picture of merit by any other means than that of intelligence, judgment, and practice.

For those who may be inclined to measure their strength for the professional practice of the art, as well as to those who may have thought lightly of its attainments, the following quotation from that great philosopher and reasoner Locke, may serve as a hint.

—"That which of all others would please me best, would be a Painter, were there not an argument or two against it not easily answered. First, ill painting is one of the worst things in the world, and to acquire tolerable skill in it, requires too much of a man's time, if he has an inclination to it. It will endanger the neglect of all other more useful studies to give way to that. And if he has no inclination to it, all the time, pains, and money will be thrown away to no purpose.

"Another reason why I am not for painting in a gentleman is, because it is a sedentary recreation, which more employs the mind than the body. A gentleman's more serious employment I look upon it to be study; and when that demands relaxation and refreshment, it should be some exercise of the body, which unbends the thoughts and confirms the health and strength; for these two reasons I am not for painting."

This reasoning evidently applies to the practical part of the Art, and not to that feeling and taste by which a picture, a prospect, or a statue may be enjoyed, and which "every man of polite imagination is let into the pleasure of."—Addison.

This attainment is possessed by many who cannot draw a line, but have acquired the relish, (as we before observed,) from the circumstances in which they were placed, the advantage of seeing the best models, and the conversation of intelligent artists.

To this view of the subject we doubt not but Mr. Aikin intended to bring the attention of the Society: but to make Design as familiar as writing, would be to place it upon the same level with the mechanical operation of writing. The movement of the fingers from left to right, the placing of

the hand, and the inclination and recurrence of the same forms is sufficient to show this.

Drawing, on the other hand, is an incalculable exercise of the memory, through the medium of the sight. Its definition has been given as "a straight line and a curve;" but it may be added,—infinitely varied.

Those who are in the habit of giving lessons in drawing well know, that when a pupil comes recommended to them as a genius, and that at school he employs himself in drawing houses, horses, &c. &c. he will have more trouble with this genius than if he had never made a line: the fact is, this is no imitation of what he sees, it is a repetition of a character or figure he has got by rote, and he has every thing to unlearn, and the chance is against his ever having a correct eye.

If by Design is meant only the power of delineating any object presented to the sight, its operation is considerable and extensive; but by confining it to simple forms it may be made a part of education, and a foundation laid, on which to build with advantage.

But if we extend the term Design to what passes in our minds, so as to express our thoughts on paper or canvas, it will include so much of the principles of the art, that we shall endeavour to explain the term by what it embraces.

Design is sometimes only the outline of what is intended; at others the light and shade is given to the object, by which a more complete view of the effect may be seen.

In the full acceptance of Design, invention and composition may be included, in which the exercise of the memory is principally employed. And to obtain a facility in this exercise, there are progressive steps, and certain aids by which its power may be assisted and increased.

The sage of antiquity has well instructed us, that "there is no royal way to geometry," and our experience tells us there is none to the Arts; some time may be saved by the knowledge of others, but the steps must be regular and progressive.

The most simple process in early practice, is that of drawing a line from one given point to another, in a perpendicular, horizontal, or oblique direction, with such other simple forms which the memory can easily retain and repeat.

In this practice, there must be an interval of time, in which the eye passes from the object to the imitation; in this interval the memory is employed, and a calculation is going on in the mind, as to size, proportion, relation and distance, according to the degree of simplicity or complexity of the subject.

In a gradual scale the pupil passes on to more varied forms, till the eye is corrected and the hand is ready and expert. And having attained a facility in drawing from the examples of the master, proceeds to the object itself, cylinders, squares, vases, and other subjects of still life, may proceed the bust and casts from the antique. And when these are sufficiently familiar, the human form, as the last and most difficult of attain-

ment, must be studied and acquired before those ideal forms presented to the imagination can be expressed with facility, either on paper or canvas. As an exercise of the memory, it has often been the practice of the student to repeat (without his model,) the figure he has been drawing at the Academy.

Another step is that of observing, for the same purpose, figures and characters, as they present themselves in passing. Again, in the sudden and momentary effects of light, shade, and colour, an exercise for the memory is thus continually furnished, and not an object in nature, but in this view and habit, may be made subservient to the purposes of Art.—(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In your 28th Number you have given a description of six fine pictures now in the hands of Mr. Bonnemaïson at Paris. The following further particulars will, perhaps, appear to you sufficiently interesting for insertion. These paintings were brought away from the Escorial by Joseph Buonaparte; when he fled from Madrid they were placed under the care of one of his friends in Paris, and after the capture of Paris by the Allies, were restored to the Spanish Ambassador, who received an order from Madrid to send them directly to Spain. Mr. Bonnemaïson, who was sent for to pack up the pictures, found on examining them that the wood on which the four Raphaels were painted, was quite decayed. In this state they had suffered so much on the journey from Madrid, that if they had been sent back in their existing condition, they would have been for ever lost to the arts. After long and tiresome remonstrances against sending them away, he at last persuaded the Spanish Ambassador to send to Madrid for fresh instructions; upon which an order was received to deliver these pictures to Mr. Bonnemaïson to repair them. He has perfectly succeeded, and they are now preserved, for all friends of art, for centuries to come. The painting is separated with incredible skill from the wood, and transferred to canvas. This operation has been performed already upon three of the Raphaels, for which it is said the artist has been promised 60,000 francs for each picture. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

S. L.—d.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

M. Laya has been elected successor to the Duc de Choiseul Gouffier in the French Academy; M. Raynouard perpetual Secretary, in the place of Suard, deceased.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

WERNER'S FUNERAL

AT DRESDEN¹ AND FREIBERG, JULY 2 and 3, 1817.

For some months previous to his death, Werner had, with extraordinary exertion,

¹ We have inserted the account of this ceremony at considerable length, not only because it is honourable to science and literature, but because it presents a curious picture of the somewhat primitive, but interesting, manners of a foreign country. Ed.

often delivered three or four lectures in a day, at the Mineralogical Academy, and allowed himself no relaxation.

It was on the morning of his decease that he made his will, bequeathing to the Mineralogical Academy, the child of his heart for which he lived and died, his collection of Medals, his Manuscripts, and his valuable Library, which contains the rarest and most costly works in all parts of natural philosophy and natural history, antiquities, travels, &c. It was the will of the King, who fully appreciated his worth, that the funeral procession, which was to convey his mortal remains, in the night of the 2nd of July, to Freiberg, to be there solemnly interred in the Cathedral, should be honoured by every distinction which was due to so valuable a character, as a servant of the state, a man of learning, a teacher and a man. Werner, the discoverer and founder of the diagnostic mineralogy, belonged on this account to all the civilized nations of Europe, had scholars in every quarter of the globe, and was an ornament to his age. All Germany, therefore, and distant countries, were interested in his funeral. The King's own servants gave notice of his death from house to house, accompanied with an invitation to attend the ceremony.¹ The State took the expenses upon itself, and the Privy Board of Finance immediately appointed a considerable sum for the purpose. It was, therefore, in the true Roman sense a *funus publicum et indicivum*.

Mr. Von Herder, Counsellor of Mines, a truly affectionate friend and scholar of the deceased, had hastened from Freiberg, and arranged the whole funeral ceremony according to the directions given him by superior authority. The mourners assembled about nine o'clock in the evening, in the rooms of the Inn, and were served with refreshments by servants of the court. The body of the deceased was in an adjoining room, dressed in the handsome Uniform of the Saxon Officers of the Mines, and surrounded with wreaths, escutcheons, &c. How many tears flowed at the sight of a man, who in his life had never worn a mask of morality, whose features retained even in death the same expression of gentleness and goodness which in life gained him the hearts of all! Among those present, were several Ministers, Chief Officers of the Royal Household, Presidents and Counsellors of the various Boards, all the Members of the Privy Council of Finance then in Dresden, and the most distinguished Literati and Members of the Mineralogical Club founded within these six months by Werner, and his friends. The Cabinet Minister, Count Von Einsiedel, the zealous promoter of all useful establishments, animated the whole by his presence. The Ambassadors of Russia and Prussia, and several other diplomatic characters,

¹ In the great cities of Germany, when a person of distinction dies, the family hire a certain public officer, part of whose business it is, to go round the city and give notice of his death to all the principal inhabitants. On this occasion, it seems his Majesty the King of Saxony took it upon himself to pay this singular honor to the memory of Werner. H. E. L.

attended. Even the chief military characters appeared, and all the officers of the garrison joined the procession. The pupils of the academy of the forests at Tharand, now counting a hundred scholars and members, did not fail to pay the last honor to him who had been so great a benefactor to them. About ten o'clock, the procession began by torch light, under the direction of a deputy marshal of the court, between crowds of spectators of every rank and age, who had placed themselves in the whole way to the extremity of the suburbs. Crowds had also assembled on the eminence where the body was to be delivered to those who came from Freiberg to meet it. Here the deputed members of the Mineralogical Academy, of the Smelting Office, of the Mine Office, and of the Miner's Company, with many of the students of the Mineralogical Academy, on horseback, and 30 miners as torch bearers, placed in a large circle, awaited the arrival of the procession. The Gens d'armes on horseback were charged to prevent any pressure upon the circle to be formed here. But the profound silence, which prevailed among the many thousand spectators, honoured the solemnity. When the train, consisting of 40 carriages, with 100 torches arrived, all placed themselves in a circle round the hearse, which was hung with embroidered coverings. The rows of torch bearers stood on the banks on each side of the road. The choir of the Church of the Holy Cross, chaunted the first stanzas of Klopstock's sublime hymn the "Resurrection," after which Werner's ancient friend, the Aulic Counsellor Boettiger, in whose arms he expired, made a speech on the nature of the solemnity and the sensations of the attendants, in an audible voice, though often interrupted by his emotion. Another hymn concluded this part of the ceremony. This spot is to be planted with poplars, provided with seats for passengers, upon this eminence, which overlooks the whole city and neighbourhood, and is to be called in future Werner's Ruhe (Werner's Repose.) After the discourse of M. Boettiger, which made a profound impression on all who heard it, the hearse was received by the deputies from Freiberg, and proceeded during the night to its destination. In all the places through which it passed young and old were in motion. When the procession approached the town about nine in the morning of the 3rd of July, the bells of all the churches began to toll. A division of the Berger guard came to meet it. A chorus with kettle drums was played from the steeple of St. Peter's Church as the hearse entered the town. Along the street through which the train passed over the market place, to the Academy where Werner had lived and taught for so many years, a body of miners stood in parade, with suitable music. The procession advancing entered the hall of the Academy, which was hung with black. Eight of the students lifted the coffin from the hearse, and placed it on a stand in a niche hung with black. The brothers and sons of the deceased, for such indeed they might well be called, beheld once more the mild features, pale indeed but not disfigured, of

their teacher, who now returned to them a corpse. On both sides burnt 24 tapers. The niche itself was adorned with the escutcheons from the hearse, with Werner's cypher, with the mallet and chisel, as symbols of mining, and with two crowns of laurel. At the head of the deceased was the arms of the kingdom, whose faithful son he had ever shown himself, not to be tempted even by the most brilliant offers to serve another sovereign. The number of persons assembled was now very great. All the royal authorities in Freiberg, the magistrates, all the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood were there. Scarcely one of the clergy was absent, all the professors of the Gymnasium to which Werner had frequently been a benefactor, all the pupils were present, as well as the deputies of the Academy of the Forests at Tharand. The Reverend M. Frisch pronounced a very forcible and feeling discourse. The procession now proceeded in a long, manifold row down the long street to the cathedral, in which are the sepulchres of the ancient princes of the Albertine branch. Every eye had been before filled with tears; but now the crowds of spectators sobbed aloud. The coffin was raised over the new-made vault, by some of the most faithful pupils of the deceased. Chorusses and hymns were sung; the Rev. M. Dietrich delivered a few words suitable to the occasion, and at half past 11 in the forenoon, the coffin with the two laurel wreaths were let down into the vault. Many will go on pilgrimage to Werner's tomb and bedew it with their tears; for as Cæsar Von Schoenberg, a friend and scholar of the deceased, has observed, Freiberg will be in future the Mecca of this Mineralogical Prophet.

STOP A MOMENT!

I stood the other day admiring a brilliant whiskey drawn by a superb courser and driven by a young gentleman of fashion; he darted through the grand alley of the *Champs-Élysées* with a degree of rapidity which, in ancient times, would have ensured to him the crown at the Olympic Games; the pedestrians all gazed at him with astonishment, and the ladies seemed to envy the lot of a charming nymph, who was gracefully seated in the elegant car of triumph.

An old grey-haired man who was leaning on a knotted stick, far from sharing in the general admiration, exclaimed with a loud voice: *Stop a moment!* These words were answered by an universal murmur of displeasure, when at the distance of a few yards, some unforeseen obstacle striking against the wheel of the car, it was overturned and dashed in pieces. The gentleman overwhelmed with confusion and apparently hurt raised his companion, whose modesty alone was wounded by her fall on the sand. Thus precipitated from their glory, they turned with a downcast air towards a *fiacre*, into which they stepped to escape the indiscreet gaze of a curious multitude, who shewed themselves far more malignant than compassionate. Well! said the old man, I foresaw this; but they would not be advised; people never know when to stop.

The weather was excessively warm; I sat down on one of those chairs which are at present so profusely stationed in all our public promenades: those who had taken their places before me were talking of the accident which we had just witnessed; the conversation soon turned on new fashions and the follies of the present day. A young man wearing mustachios and loose pantaloons, the fine cloth of which was destined to preserve a pair of spurred boots from the dust and mud, warmly advocated all modern customs; a middle-aged man, in an old-fashioned dress, ill-humouredly condemned the nudity of the ladies, the profusion of cashmere shawls which cost so dear to numbers of poor husbands, and the military costume of those young men whose footsteps resound in the galleries of the *Palais-Royal*: the conversation was at first animated, lively and entertaining; but the discussion soon became warm, and assumed the nature of a dispute; the old man, who had hitherto remained a silent auditor, again exclaimed: *Stop a moment!* He was disregarded; the altercation continued, and soon terminated in the appointment of a rendezvous at the *Bois de Boulogne*, where one of the interlocutors will probably forfeit his life.

I quitted the promenade reflecting on the repeated and useless warnings of the old gentleman, and bent my course towards the *Palais-Royal*; I am accustomed to visit the theatre every evening; the illusion of the passions represented on the stage, moves and delights me; whilst I am fatigued and distressed by the reality of those of society. If human folly prevails on the stage as well as elsewhere, it is always more spirited and less dangerous.

On entering the pit, I perceived at some distance the same old gentleman, whose animated eye, sharp features, and laconic expressions had before attracted my attention. I took my seat near him. It was the first representation of a new piece, which like many others, in my opinion, merited both eulogium and condemnation: I remarked glaring faults in the plot, but considerable beauty in the details; when too rich in knowledge we are apt to be disdainful, when hackneyed with the world it is difficult to move us or to make us feel any illusion; besides, our vanity destroys our pleasure; we are too good connoisseurs to be amused, and we listen like cold judges rather than sensible spectators.

I made these reflections at the end of one of the acts, and my neighbour, without saying a syllable, nodded his head in token of approval. Observations of a different nature, however, soon succeeded mine. The author had as usual a party for him and a cabal against him; the former came with the intention of exalting him to the skies; the latter for the purpose of crushing him without mercy. The former pointed out all the beauties of the work; the latter discovered that it was tedious, obscure, and full of plagiarisms. Irritated by contradiction, the partisans of the piece passed from admiration to enthusiasm, and the rest abandoned the tone of criticism for that of satire. My silent old gentleman then raising his voice,

and striking the ground with his stick, exclaimed: *stop a moment!* No one appeared to hear him: the literary discussion became a vulgar dispute; insults were substituted for figures of rhetoric, and blows succeeded insults. But the guard, who never permit combats to take place in any part of a theatre except the stage, quickly terminated the scandalous tumults, and indiscriminately conducted to prison the applauders and the hissers, the assailants and the assailed.

After the play, I walked with my old neighbour through that famous garden, which contains so many objects of curiosity and disgust, so much riches and vice, so many idlers and so much activity. To my astonishment, I suddenly observed my austere companion directing his course towards an obscure alley, the fatal entrance to those abodes of perdition called gaming-houses. I followed him for the sake of contemplating this modern Tartarus, where, on his entrance, the wretched victim is allured by the smile of hope, and on his departure, assailed by the gloomy aspect of despair.

We observed for some time the pale votaries of capricious Fortune, and the various expressions of joy and disappointment excited by her fantastic decrees. But a young man, as brilliant and light as the goddess herself, soon arrested our attention: he was invariably successful, the number which he fixed on never failed to win; if he changed colours, Fate, apparently obedient to his wishes, changed with him; every chance was favourable to him; the bankers, astonished, threw off their accustomed apathy, and reluctantly paid the tributes which they usually regard as their own spoil. A mountain of gold was raised before the fortunate gamester; the old man stepped forward, tapped him on the shoulder and whispered: *Stop!*

The thoughtless young man replied by a burst of laughter, and doubled his play. Fortune now changed, reverse succeeded reverse, his mountain gradually diminished, his treasure vanished. The inconsiderate fool exclaimed against fate, emptied his pocket-book and lost all. The old man then roared in a voice of thunder: Unhappy wretch! *Stop I say!* The ungrateful young man loaded his kind adviser with insults and threats; borrowed from his neighbours, and consummated his own ruin. Frantic with despair he rose and quitted the infernal assembly, who scarcely observed his departure, and rushed out exclaiming that the waves of the Seine were his only resource. We immediately followed him; I called after him but without effect. At the foot of the staircase we beheld a young female in tears; she threw herself at his feet; he wished to avoid her; she presented to him a purse and a casket—nothing could move his resolution; at length she exclaimed in a melting tone of voice: *In the name of love, in the name of your children, stay. I entreat you!* The young man turned, wiped away a tear, embraced her, and they departed. He is saved and corrected, said the old man. This exhortation spoke to his heart; mine addressed itself only to his understanding.

I was alone with my old philosopher, and being deeply moved by the words he had just uttered, Who are you? I enquired. I have frequently listened without emotion to the most eloquent sermons; the great works of our philosophers have excited rather than satisfied my curiosity, obscured rather than enlightened my understanding; if they have cured me of many errors, they have on the other hand made me doubt many truths; you utter only three words, and yet I feel that you command my confidence, and inspire me with respect.

My friend, said he, I have lived long in the world, I have enjoyed opportunities for observation and reflection. I have by turns adopted various systems, but long experience has reduced all my philosophy to the simple precept; *stop a moment!*

If we knew when to stop, we should be rendered happy by sentiment instead of being tormented by passion. Through not knowing when to stop, courage changes to timidity, severity to tyranny, economy to avarice, generosity to profusion, love to jealousy, piety to fanaticism, liberty to licentiousness, royalty to despotism, submission to baseness, and eulogium to flattery. Empires fall like men because they wish to advance too far and too rapidly; nobody either wishes or knows how to stop.

The kings of Persia would not be stopped by the sea, and the boundaries of their vast dominions; they dashed against the little cities of Greece, the warlike inhabitants of which overthrew their throne.

How many Eastern Monarchs, unable to endure the thought of having their will stopped by a law, have been enslaved and assassinated by their slaves, whilst their fate has excited no sympathy beyond the walls of their Palaces!

Alexander, whom no conquest could satisfy, yielded at Babylon, and perished in the flower of his age, because reason could not stop him in his career of dissipation.

The Greeks, not knowing where to stop either in their passion for liberty, or their vain desire for dominion, became divided against each other, made foreigners interfere in their disputes, and degenerated into servitude.

In vain did Cato exclaim to the Romans: Stop! They ran in quest of worldly riches, which undermined their power, corrupted their manners, destroyed their liberty, and first delivered them to the mercy of tyrants and then to Barbarians.

In modern times what follies and crimes have been committed for want of knowing when to stop! What piles have been kindled because piety has been unable to repress fanaticism! What massacres have ensued because the nobility refused to respect either the royal prerogative or the rights of the people!

What misfortunes might not Charles XII. have avoided had he known how to check himself; he would not have fled at Pultowa, had he stopped at Narva.

There is no good quality which does not become a fault, when carried too far; all good when exaggerated is converted into evil; the fairest cause, that of Heaven itself,

dishonors its supporters, when unable to curb their zeal, they burn instead of instructing the incredulous.

Believe me, there is no virtue more profitable, no wisdom more useful than moderation. To ameliorate mankind, the best lesson that can be given to them is, *stop a moment!*

Instead of paying masters to teach young people dancing, riding and walking, to teach how to stop would contribute much more to their happiness.

But those who love glory must not suppose I am giving them timid counsel: the most powerful man and most celebrated hero of fable, far from dashing inconsiderately on an unknown and stormy Ocean, knew how to check himself, and engraved on his column the words: *Nec plus ultra.*

Very good! said a tall thin Gentleman, whilst he was taking his fourth ice, and whom we had perceived only a few minutes before; *nec plus ultra*: that I believe means, we want no more *ultras* of any kind whatever. Upon my honor! that's exactly my way of thinking!

You see, said the old man, that I have not entirely lost my latin; all are at liberty to understand it as they please.—But the more brief a maxim the less it is liable to misinterpretation; I therefore confine myself to three words: *stop a moment!*

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

The season of the Italian Opera closed on Tuesday the 18th with Don Giovanni, and as brilliant a house as ever we saw, even in the most fashionable months of the fashionable world. The performances have been so frequently and largely noticed as to require nothing further than the repetition of the general remark, that there has seldom been an opera so well sung, and never one better acted in London than Don Juan was by this company. The excellent playing of Ambrogetti in all and especially in the amorous scenes; the lady-like deportment and science of Camporese; the good humour and sweet intonations of Fodor; the dry comic manner of Naldi; and indeed the skill and talent displayed in the whole cast, including Miss Hughes, Crivelli, and Angrisani; with the exquisite music and appropriate scenery, formed such a mass of attractions, that we cannot wonder at the great run of this celebrated composition.

At the end of the Opera, a Rejouissance, prepared by Kelly, was produced in honour of the Prince Regent's birth-day. It consisted of a grand architectural scene, in a gallery near the top of which was stationed a band of thirty Prussian trumpets who *tantararared* the procession of the entire operatic corps, as it marched with banners flying and in splendid dresses through the building upon the stage. Ranged in due order, the following ode composed by Kelly, and written by Dr. de Sanctis, (an odd name) was performed with much spirit and great din.

Viva l' eccelso Prence,
Che in man dell' Anglia ha il fato!
Colla Vittoria a lato
El regge, e regnerà.

Le placide virtudi,
Che sculte in cor gli stanno,
Al Popolo Britanno
Daran felicità.

II.

Grande in pace, grande in guerra
Leggi al mar, leggi alla terra,
Dia possente Reggitor.

Ed a Lei, che l' alta speme
Chiude in sen dell' Anglo Impero,
Sempre asconda il serto altero,
Mostri sol di Padre il cor.

CORO.

Della patria innanzi all' ara
Noi giuriamo eterno amor,
Noi giuriam devota fede
All' augusto Reggitor.

God save the King was next sung, for the benefit of those who could not understand loyalty in the Italian tongue; and both tributes were accompanied by enthusiastic testimonies of applause. The effect was brilliant, not merely upon the stage, but throughout the audience part, for every box had company who stood up in honour of the National Anthem; and no Theatre in Europe produces so magnificent a spectacle as the King's Theatre, when British Splendour and Beauty deign thus to shed all their magic from so glorious a circle.

ENGLISH OPERA.

This week the balance of dramatic novelty between Paris and London is entirely in favour of the latter. At Paris they have only had some *debutts* and *re-entries*, not worthy of notice; while we have had a new piece (so given out) at each of the greatest little Theatres. Our present affair is with the pastoral-serio-comic opera, in three acts, called *The Persian Hunters, or the Rose of Gurgistan*, produced on Wednesday at the English Opera; the literary part is ascribed to Mr. Noble, and the music is acknowledged by Mr. Horn, who is so enamoured of his own compositions as to execute about one half of them himself.

The following is the cast of characters.

PERSIANS.

Hamet, Sultan of Tauris, Mr. Horn.
Abdallah, his confidant, Mr. Broadhurst.
Omar, captain of the Persian forces, Mr. Mears.
Hassan, chief huntsman, Mr. J. Isaacs.
Amrad, second huntsman, Mr. Richardson.
Mufti Quizzendi, Mr. W. S. Chatterley.

TARTARS.

Abcassan, chieftain of the Abkhans, Mr. Pearman.
Hatucar, an Abkan leader, Mr. Bartley.
Kalmar, chieftain of the Ossetians, Mr. L. Lee.
Kavistan, an Abkan leader, Mr. Parker.
Bereslen, a Georgian peasant, Mr. Wilkinson.
Georgian Peasant, Mr. Huckel.

Persians, Tartars, Peasants, &c.
Zelinda, sister of Hatucar, Mrs. Chatterley.
Benescha, wife of Bereslen, Miss I. Stevenson.
Lescha, mother of Benescha, Mrs. Groce.
Zodaiya, the Rose of Gurgistan, Miss M. H. Buggins.

The scene is laid amid the Mountains of Georgia, and we are told that the plates of Pallas's Travels in the Caucasus, and General Malcolm's History of Persia, have been consulted, in order to give accuracy to the scenery and costume.

Notwithstanding these recommendations, the opera is common-place in its invention, and dull in its representation. Such stories

have been so often dramatized, that they have lost all interest. A noble-minded Persian Sultan, who honourably dismisses from his seraglio a female captive, the bride of his enemy, and falls in love with a beautiful peasant, who of course turns out to be a princess, the daughter of his deadliest foe;—the said Princess-peasant being enamoured of him for his own sake, and not for his exalted station, of which he assures himself by wooing her under the seductive disguise of an outlaw;—the battles of high-capped Persians and flat-lipped Tartars, in which the latter are subdued, first by force of arms, and secondly by force of generosity and the discovery of the above happy family circumstances;—the meagre *vis*, or rather *dehilitas comica*, of a cowardly and booby lover of the Princess's foster-sister, and of that never-failing personage in such pieces, an old amatory Mufti; are characters and ingredients so worn out upon the stage, that the genius of Shakespeare (not to speak profanely) could not mould them into an attractive form. As for Mr. Noble, he has taken them as he found them: they are the unaltered Extract of Bluebeard, Timour, Kais, et cetera! A new piece with so little new we never knew; and yet it lasted for three hours and a quarter, a grievous time for an original production of the genus, and quite intolerable in a medley revival which, to have any chance of popularity, ought not to have exceeded two short acts.

We are really sorry to be obliged to speak disparagingly of this piece. There is so evident an anxiety and zeal in the Theatre to please the public, and its directors are so cramped and trammelled in their exertions, by various untoward causes, (of which the chief *lets* may be traced to the nature of their licence, and probably to their being in the bonds of particular performers, &c.) that every indulgence is due to their exertions, which it is in the power of just and impartial criticism to allow. But we cannot compromise our Journal by praising that which does not seem to merit praise. Yet there are a few touches, both in the dialogue and the incident of the opera, which may be noticed favourably: the former we cannot quote, though they struck us as being felicitous when we heard them; the latter are exemplified in the whole of the pastoral story of the Rose, and in a scene where the Tartar chiefs recognise a sepulchral monument, on which is inscribed the names of their friends who had been carried prisoners into Persia, and died there. Mr. Bartley's performance was here very feeling and effective.

The songs are rather commendable when compared with the trash of our modern operas, but those intended to be humorous must be excepted from this commendation. We subjoin a few specimens.

Air—Zedeiya—Miss M. H. Buggins.

The myrtle sprig by Aza set,
See, rooted in its happy vale;
It yet doth bloom, 'tis verdant yet,
And yet breathes perfume on the gale.

The myrtle sprig by Aza worn
Amid the dance of Georgian maids,
Lo! while its leaves her locks adorn,
It fades! alas! how soon it fades!

This was sung very tolerably, but with a most awkward fashion of introducing the ornaments. Miss B. had far better chaunt a simple melody than set herself so squarely to bring in either shake or run, unwilling as they appeared to be to belong to the tune. Her laughing in the parting quartetto with her sister, &c. was also out of consonance. The following song was given with genuine feeling, and deservedly encored.

SONG.—Abcassan.

MR. PEARMAN.

Flow, flow, Cubana! flow, thou sacred stream!
In depth of silence thro' thy forests flow,
Again the morn and evening beam
May, unpolluted, on thee gleam.

But where shall roll away our memory of woe?

Flow, sacred flood! flow silent to the main,
Vocal no more to Kafan's tuneful breath:
Old Kafan sits amid the slain—
And calls his sons—but calls in vain!

What flood can wash away the mem'ry of their death?

It would, we think, greatly increase the pathos of this fine air were the triplication in the last line omitted, and the whole sung out with a simple cadence. The first act closes with a good hunting duet

Deep in a hollow echoing glen

We heard the tawny savage roar,

by Messrs. Isaacs and Horn. It is true that the latter does not "ro-o-o-a-a-r" half so sonorously as the former, but this may probably be attributed to his not having had the same advantage as his huntsman, of a lesson from the lion, though he seems to have got sufficient information, somewhere, to join in the very lively description of that animal's death, which the duetto requires. We may particularize "The Rose of Love," a song by Mr. Horn in the 3d act, and "Within a Bower where Almonds bloomed," by Mr. Broadhurst in the 3d, as meriting favourable mention;—we regretted that the latter had so little scope for his sweet musical talent. Miss Buggins has also a pretty air, "Stranger, Wanderer," which she executed with taste; and Mr. Pearman one, "The Embrace of Death," to which he did justice, but it is inferior to his other song. We have already said that the comic effusions are below contempt, nor were they enriched by the way in which they were performed.

In reviewing the songs, we have noticed the singers and the music so far as to render much further comment unnecessary. All the performers exerted themselves to ensure success, and we can, generally, speak more favourably of Mr. Horn's works as a composer, than of his memory or skill as an actor. Great pains have certainly been bestowed on the scenery and decorations; and if the pruning knife is mercilessly used so as to reduce the drama nearly one half, we doubt not that it will obtain twice as much acceptance with the public. The denouement in particular demands curtailment—it is tiresome beyond measure for an audience to hear long explanations of what they perfectly understand, merely for the information of the characters on the stage. We hope it may be contrived to have these matters as well explained behind as before the curtain.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Will open on Monday three weeks. The only alteration it has undergone during the recess is to have the audience part, instead of the wax lights round the boxes, illuminated by an immense chandelier of Gas, suspended from the center. The effect is said to be indescribably brilliant.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A new Interlude was introduced on Wednesday, which promises to be a distinguished favourite. Its idea is taken from the little old Farce of the French stage, *La Comedie-Paroche*, and has the whole ingenious bundle of the bustling theatricals of Paris. But it has found in its adopter the spirit of an original author, and "the Actor of all Work" may take its place, and by no means an humble place, among the products of British invention. It is the history of a rejected actor's contrivances to make the manager feel the treasure which he has lost, and amaze him into an engagement. MATTHEWS was the rejected actor. We can for the moment, give but a sketch of the plot. He has, as the relic of his fortunes, a bundle of stage dresses. He disguises himself as Mr. Stuffy, an old man, soliciting to be appointed prompter, at five shillings a week, and to find his own whistles. This candidate is broken with age, squints, has an habitual hoarseness, and retains nothing of the stage but a profound veneration for the good old time, and the immortal Mr. GARRICK deceased. He gives place to a French stroller, who exhibits an incomparable caricature of French declamation. TALMA's peculiarities were here imitated with the most ludicrous closeness. But the occasional compliments which alluded to that great ornament of the Continental stage, were not ungraceful, and were strongly applauded by the audience. The Frenchman is replaced by *Scrumpy*, a runaway apprentice, with an impediment in his speech. *Scrumpy* is followed by *Mac Sillergripe*, the pawnbroker, from whom he had eloped to try his fortune on the boards. *Mac Sillergripe* is driven off by knowing that his wife is at his heels. The wife enters, and goes up stairs to look for her husband and nephew. The stage coachman then forces in his way, insisting that *Mac Sillergripe* and his family shall detain the coach no longer. The upper room is searched; it is empty. The manager is alarmed at the disappearance of so many persons who were known to have been under his roof. The coachman throws off his disguise, and successively unfolds all the *Dramatis Personae* till he develops down to MATTHEWS himself, all under the same ponderous surcoat. The dialogue was good, the acting was better, and the audience were in a roar from beginning to end.

"GRAND-ORIGINAL-MECHANICAL-AND-PICTURESQUE-THEATRE."

"Immerse it in the Ocean," said the Paris Friseur who wanted to uncurl a wig by aqueous application. This is the grand style! and it was well observed on the occasion, than an English Hair-dresser would have been content with saying "dip it in a pail."

But it must be confessed that our Gallic friends far surpass us in the magnificent way they have of announcing their wares. All our puffs are beggarly and contemptible when compared with their superb inventions; and our very best mode of vouching for an article is like crying st—nk—ng fish, if placed by the side of a real laboured original French panegyric.

Never was this more conspicuously evidenced than by the *Grand Original Mechanical Picturesque, &c.* Exhibition of Mr. Thiodon at Spring Gardens, and its descriptive *annonce*. A miserable London artist would have called his production "Raree Show," or "Puppet Show," or "Galantee Show," or, if soaring as he thought beyond competition, "Chinoises Ombres," but our Paris Artist disdains such depreciating terms—they are as Dibdin sings in his Tortoiseshell Tom Cat song,

"..... every one by Tom outdone
As you shall hear."

Seduced by the promise of Mr. Thiodon's *annonce*, we visited the "Grand Original, &c. Theatre, illustrative of the beautiful Effects of ART in IMITATION OF NATURE," and fortunately found room, though near the end of the second piece. By being so late we were disappointed of seeing the City of Naples, with a number of vessels under sail in the bay, and others, more enterprising still, "in the horizon!" We also missed the sea shore animated by figures on foot, on horseback, and in carriages; and alas, even "the scene of a huntsman with his dogs," who are stated "to imitate nature in a surprising manner!" These grievous disappointments were, however, in some measure compensated by a full view of the city of Dresden, which for the benefit of the unlearned, Mr. Thiodon humanely tells, is "the Capital of the Electorate of Saxony." This piece, like Naples, (we quote the bill of fare,) "is animated by a variety of figures, which may truly be considered as the *chef d'oeuvre* in the Art of Mechanism: all their movements representing Nature in the most perfect and astonishing manner." It is not always that we can concede *one half* of the merit claimed by public performers, and we are rejoiced to be able to do it on this occasion:—these figures do represent nature in the most astonishing manner! For example, individuals, squadrons, and coaches,

* Another whimsical specimen of the same bombast may be laughed at in the following puff of a Cosmetic at present the rage in Paris. Q. What is the mouth? A. The mouth is one of the features which compose the human countenance, and whose smile combined with the smile of the eye, spreads over the face one of the greatest charms of the physiognomy. Q. What are the qualities which distinguish a good teacher of philosophy? A. A handsome mouth, fine teeth, and a pure breath. Q. To what are we indebted for Petrarch's poems? A. To the enchanting lips of the beautiful Laura. Q. What must a woman do whose skin has lost its lustre? A. She must plunge her tender limbs in a bath, on the surface of which a phial of Eau de Stahl swims: the softened skin will soon assume the seductive velvet smoothness, which resembles the ethereal dust that tinges the peach!!!!

sail over a bridge; boats and barges jirk through the yielding medium of the stream below; while on the foreground a beggar absolutely uncovers his head, horses legs twirl like spindles, and the wheels of carriages bona fide go round! These phenomena were witnessed with great applause.

Perhaps it may be necessary to let the world know that all this is accomplished in a pretty illuminated picture as large as a good sized window, and when this is considered there can be no objection to allow the artist's humble request preferred in these words. "The labour which Mr. T. has bestowed upon them, and the great difficulties he has had to contend with in bringing them to their present state of perfection, he hopes will be fully appreciated by those Amateurs who may honour him with their presence."

To Dresden, succeeded the passage of Great St. Bernard, which consisted of a multitude of puppets swimming round and round some fantastic looking snow balls. These are justly described as "Mountains which seem inaccessible, and what is more frightful is, (quoth Mr. Thiodon) that they are perpetually covered with snow and surrounded by dreadful precipices." Nevertheless we observed with infinite delight that no accident befel the Lilliputian paper heroes, who wound their toilsome way over these cold and comfortless hillocks. To crown the scene, Buonaparte with two Aides-de-Camp trotted along the foreground. This we take it is a sly cut at the Ex-Emperor, who always left his men to their own difficulties, and took the safest route for himself—a practice which Mr. Thiodon declares to be, at least in his way of representing it, "surprising beyond description." The fourth piece would by most children, young or old, be reckoned pretty: it consists of several temples, &c. in Chinese artificial fire-works. The last is entitled "Homage to England," during the exhibition of which the orchestra, videlicet, a cracked pianoforte and a sound hurdy-gurdy performed *Moll Brook* to admiration.

To close this strange, eventful history we had,—but take it from the Exhibitor's mouth, "A STORM AT SEA, accompanied with all the characteristic Phenomena—an agitated Sea—Clouds, which, by degrees, obscure the Sky—Lightning—Thunder, &c.—Vessels beating against the Tempest, struck by a Thunderbolt, and engulfed in the Waves—finally, the Seamen, endeavouring to save themselves from the neighbouring Rocks, present a faithful Representation of Nature. In fact, it is impossible to describe this Spectacle, so as to convey to the Mind an adequate idea of its interesting Effect."

In truth it is so. We were glad to see a storm almost as terrible as the imagination creates from Lord Thurlow's famous expression of "a storm in a—wash-hand basin!" The agitated sea is as large as half a blanket, and is memorable for preserving a fine uniformity of wave even in its wildest agitation—(thus it is that the highest Art improves upon nature)—six lamps afford a noble change of sky from the gloom of Tartarus to the shining light of Heaven—the ships leap awfully from place to place, sometimes on their prows, at others on their

sterns—a cracker plays the part of Thunderbolt, and a squib explodes one poor ship's magazine—the astonishing efforts she makes to keep on the surface of the water, after experiencing these calamities, is miraculous.—At last she goes down, and a parcel of pasteboard seamen on a pasteboard sea perform a burlesque on Akenside's sublime description of a shipwreck.

In conclusion: there is at Spring Gardens, "great cry and little wool." Less inflated pretensions would better have suited the mediocrity of the show; and had it been decently advertized one might have praised it as a tolerable variety of amusement for youth, instead of being disgusted with its puffs approaching to imposition.

The Grand Theatre at Berlin, which opened on New Year's day, 1802, has been destroyed by fire, supposed to have been wilful. A young actor of the name of Carlsberg perished in the flames. The edifice thus consumed, with all its rich collection of scenery, music, &c. was 244 feet in length, 150 feet in breadth, and 155 in height. It was lighted from the center by 36 argand lamps, as Covent Garden is to be with Gas.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

When Joseph interpreted the dreams of Pharaoh, he told him of years of plenty and years of famine: our political prophets, with all their wisdom, do not appear to have been so gifted with foresight as the son of Jacob, for the days of famine have come upon them without warning, after the days of abundance in which they have revelled. The old and universal morning's greeting of "*what news?*" is heard no more, even in the Coffee-Houses, and our posterity will not be able to understand the interest once attached to these magic words;—the anxiety with which they were uttered—the importance with which they were answered. In truth, the time is fled, when the breakfast toast could not go down without a bloody engagement, nor the evening potation without the subversion of a State. Our Quidnuncs no longer pick their teeth with palisades, nor gorge bastions in their wine, nor strip themselves as naked as a conquered country in their nightly dreams of the battles and victories which occupied their daily thoughts.

The supposition of an inchoate misunderstanding among European powers—the march of a regiment—nay, even the decking of an Ambassador with half-a-yard of ribbon, more or less, are now things of consequence enough to keep the shuttlecock of controversy flying between the battledores of party, from one week's end to another. But even these occurrences are becom-

ing too unfrequent to keep the game alive; and in the dearth of matter for absurd speculation and as absurd replication, happy is the Journal, whose special Reporter lights upon all the second details of a rape, the horrifying particulars of a murder, or the trial of some patriot, whom the testimony of informers fails to convict of robbery, or sedition, or treason.

These are indeed times of Peace—it would be better still, if we tried to make them times of Virtue; and suffered these malignant passions (at least as far as the infirmity of human nature permits,) to rest, instead of exerting our ingenuity to augment their violence, and abusing the blessings of the Press to multiply their atrocities.

There is also another subject which is made to play a prominent part in the Political Discussions (we are courteous, in allowing the appellation they claim,) of the hard-pressed Press. The rise and fall of the public funds, is a topic to keep their private funds in good order. We remember reading a treatise of a very ingenious writer, who argued, and with great show of reason too, that the internal machinery of the Stock or Money Market was so curious and complex, as to render external circumstances of no effect in regulating the fluctuations; so much so, indeed, that the Funds generally rose when they ought to fall, and fell when they ought to rise! We know not how this may be, but it seems clear that the true point which may be considered as the index of the Nation's prosperity, has never yet been hit according to the views on one side, and never missed according to the views on the other. If the Funds are high, it is because there is no private credit, nor secure way to vest money in useful commerce or beneficial agriculture,—if low, it is because the national security has failed, and we are ruined by our debt: This is the Opposition creed! If high, it is a proof of the national prosperity,—if low, a proof that all the capital of the country is required for enriching and improving projects: This is the Ministerial creed! It is well for us that, as a Literary Journal, we have nothing to do with these dilemmas.

If we have wasted too much observation on a subject we disclaim, the absolute unimportance of the week's news will allow us to make the *amende honorable* in brevity.

The affairs of the Church between Rome and France appear at last to have been adjusted. The celebrated Talleyrand Perigord, who, as Bishop of Autun, assisted by the Bishops of Lyds and Ba-

bylon, consecrated the first "*Constitutional Bishops*," which drew on him the displeasure of the holy see, and a monition from Pius VI. (April, 1791), has received a Red hat on being ordained Archbishop of Paris. Two other French Bishops are created Cardinals, and there has been a grand promotion among the ecclesiastics of that country. It is said, that the old King of Sardinia has turned Jesuit.

A new Janizary conspiracy has been discovered at Constantinople, and the Aga privately strangled. Such events must be of frequent occurrence till these Pretorian bands are reduced to subjection as the Strelitzes of Russia were.

The Austrian Archduke Anthony has been appointed Viceroy of the kingdom of Lombardo-Venice. His residence is to be at Milan, with occasional trips to the second capital, Venice.

Lord Amherst may be expected in the course of next week, as the Cæsar, in which his Lordship and suite were, sailed from the Cape for St. Helena, on the 18th June. We understand, from private authority, that his Lordship intended remaining on the island a week—doubtless for the purpose of seeing Buonaparte, and bringing home authentic accounts of his situation to Government.

VARIETIES.

In the concluding part of Kotzebue's Journal (see our last No.) it is stated, that, on the 29th of May, 1816, he opened some cases of prepared provisions, and found a box of mutton obtained in England perfectly sweet, and so delicious that an epicure might have feasted on it; while his Russian stock was mouldy and spoilt. Upon reading this paragraph we had the curiosity to write to Mr. Donkin, to know if he could inform us on a subject so interesting to navigators: in reply, that gentleman had the politeness to call at our office, and furnish us with the following extract from the books of his co-partnership:—

SEPT. 12, 1815. Messrs. Donkin, Hall, and Gamble, supplied Captain Kotzebue with provisions to the amount of 75l. 17s. 6d. canisters boiled beef—86 boiled mutton—24 boiled veal—4 ditto and vegetables.

THE PROGRESS OF THE MARVELLOUS.—The Correspondent of Nuremberg gives an account of a gigantic Vat made for Stretton and Co. the London Brewers, which, it says, is 34 feet high and 96 in diameter, and quite outdoes the famous ton of Heidelberg. This stupendous vat is stated by the same authority to have been installed in the brewery by dining 796 persons within its bounds at once, with abundance of elbow room!

Amongst the late discoveries of Antiquity in our island, we beg leave to mention a very curious gold ring which has been lately dug up in a poor woman's garden at Ilches-

ter, the *Iscalis* of the Romans, situated on the post road leading from Bath to the Western Coast. It is of a large size, and very massive, weighing above an ounce, and is composed of a gold coin of the Emperor Alexander Severus, in the highest state of preservation, set within a border, as a ring: the reverse of the coin appears on the inside. It is in the possession of the person who found it, Sarah Bartlet, residing at Ilchester, who has been offered 40l. for it; but it still remains unsold.

THE ABSENT MAN.

Mr. A. * * * receives a letter, he knows the hand writing, he wants to read it in haste—it is already dark, he strikes a light, tears a paper, and lights a taper, but the letter is gone—He had used it to light the candle!

ROME, JUNE 12TH, 1816.

(Extract of a Letter.)

Among all the remarkable things that I have seen, I was very much struck with a religious festival in Genzano (a little town between Velletri and Rome) for the celebration of Corpus-Christi, which took place this day week. It has been the custom there from time immemorial to spread out in two particular streets a carpet, put together with great ingenuity, of flowers interwoven, over which the procession with the host marches. Every family of this town takes upon itself a compartment of this carpet, which is richly adorned with symbolical figures, heraldic devices, portraits, &c.; and it is not to be described with what industry, pleasure, and care the religious zeal of these good country people combines these various flowers in a real work of art. Strangers and inhabitants flock from all sides; among the latter the country women are particularly distinguished by their beauty and antique-looking dress. The fine prospect over the lake of Reme, and the appearance of the sea in the horizon, the glow of the colours and grace of the forms under which nature is seen, the delicious air, and all that you hear, see, or feel around, elevates the mind, and imparts a solemn charm to this festival.

KÖNIGSFELDEN IN SWITZERLAND.—The lofty and beautiful painted windows in the great Choir of the once so celebrated ancient Convent Church, are now as full of holes as if they had been pierced with musket balls. Twenty years ago it was a magnificent sight when the morning sun shone upon them, and a magic light illumined the whole of the great Choir. The subjects represented are chiefly Scripture history; one window, which is still quite perfect, represents in the lower compartment Queen Agnes in her royal robes, surrounded by her Court; in the second, over it, this same Agnes, renouncing the splendour of the world, and taking the vows as a Nun; in the third, she is represented in the habit of the Abbess, with her attendants belonging to the Convent. In the uppermost compartment one sees the Convent of Koenigsfelden, as it appeared in the time of its greatest prosperity. Where can Painters, Architects, Poets, and Historians inform themselves more accurately concerning the architecture, costume, ornaments, and customs of those times, than by means of such remarkable remains?